

## **In Silence** by **carolinecrane**

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**Summary:**

Eleven killed the Demigorgon, but that doesn't mean there's nothing else out there.

## In Silence

### Author's Note:

- For [lionessvalenti](#).

Lucas is half asleep when the crackling of the walkie talkie drags him back to consciousness. He scowls in the darkness of his bedroom and reaches for it, taking a breath and then pressing the button to answer.

"Mike, it's a school night, man. You know my mom's gonna take away my walkie if she hears me talking to you after lights out again. Over."

He lets up on the button and listens, holding the walkie under his blankets to try to muffle the crackling that's coming through the speaker. He's about to give up and turn it off when he hears the voice again, but it's definitely not Mike. It's not even words; it's a dry, painful sort of croaking, like whoever's trying to talk hasn't done it for a really long time.

Maybe a year ago he would have thought it was a joke, just Mike trying to scare him or maybe weird static from some trucker passing within range. But he knows what's out there now, watched Eleven kill the Demigorgon and then disappear altogether, and he knows Mike's still holding out hope that she'll be back.

Lucas grips the radio a little tighter and presses his ear right up against the speaker, and that's when he hears the scream. It's high and familiar, like it belongs to someone he knows, and Lucas' heart pounds hard in his chest as he turns the radio up as loud as he dares.

"Mike?" he whispers into the walkie, fingers gripping tight enough to make the plastic creak. "Mike, is that you, buddy?"

The only answer he gets is another harsh croak, long and drawn out and making Lucas' hands shake on the walkie. Then he hears it, the soft, far away sound of human crying. Lucas can't tell what's happening, but he can hear the fear, and he knows firsthand how it feels. Whatever's happening, it sounds a lot like what happened back when Eleven stumbled into their lives.

"Eleven?" he says, his voice barely a whisper now, half-hoping he won't get an answer. "Elle?"

Just as quickly as it started the sound cuts off. There's a sharp burst of static in his ear, and then the radio goes quiet. The darkness in his room presses in around him, crowding Lucas in until all he can hear is the pounding of his own heart. He stays frozen under his covers for a long time, the walkie talkie clutched in his hands and straining to hear anything else, but there's nothing except silence until morning.